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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

"For heaven I do not hanker," said the woman; "I want my husband."

Tulsi smiled and said to her, "Go back to your home, my child. Before the month is over you will find your husband."

The woman went back with glad hope. Tulsi came to her every day and gave her high thoughts to think and immortal truths for meditation; till her heart was filled to the brim with love divine.

When the month was scarcely over, came to her curious neighbors and enquired, "Woman, have you found your husband?"

The widow smiled and said, "I have."

Eagerly they asked, "Where is he?"

"In my heart is my lord, one with me," said the woman.

THE GIFT

Sanatan was telling his beads by the Ganges when a Brahmin in rags came to him and said, "Help me, I am poor!"

"My alms-bowl is all that is my own," said Sanatan. "I have given away everything I had."

"But my lord Shiva came to me in my dreams," said the Brahmin, "and counselled me to come to you."

When suddenly Sanatan remembered he had picked up a stone of priceless value from the pebbles on the

banks of the river, and thinking that someone might need it had hid it in the sands.

He pointed out the spot to the Brahmin, who dug up the stone and was surprised.

The Brahmin sat on the earth and mused alone till the sun went down behind the trees, and cowherds went home with their cattle.

Then he rose and came slowly to Sanatan and said, "Master, give me the least fraction of that wealth that disdains the wealth of all the world."

And he threw away the gem into the water.

THE TRYST

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay asleep on the dust by the wall of Mathura. Lamps were all out, doors were all shut in the town, and stars were hidden in clouds in the murky sky of August.

Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets, touching his breast of a sudden? He woke up starting, and the rude light from the woman's lamp struck his forgiving eyes.

It was the dancing girl drunk with the wine of youth, starred with jewels and clouded with a pale blue mantle.

She lowered her lamp and saw the young face, where mercy shone in the eyes and purity beamed from the forehead.